

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 702.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 29, 1868.

VOL. XXVII. No. 25.

## The Musical Institutions of Berlin.

(Translated for this Journal from a series of articles in the Leipzig *Signale*, entitled "Musik-Adressbuch.")

Berlin has a population of 650,000. It is only within the last decades that Music has received that general and thorough culture in Berlin, which the other arts, Sculpture, Architecture, Painting, already enjoyed there in the last century. Until then it depended almost exclusively upon the individual interest taken in it by the Prussian princes; and although they were for the most part warm respecters of Art, yet they were not able to promote it on a scale commensurate with the aims and plans pursued by the house of Hohenzollern from an early period in Germany. To these Sculpture and Architecture were more essential, and therefore flourished earlier.

One of the first friends of music mentioned among the rulers of Prussia is the Elector Joachim II., who reigned from 1535-1598. He maintained, besides a corps of 24 court trumpeters and 2 kettle-drummers, a stately *Capelle*, the proportions of which were regulated by a court ordinance of 1570. His successor, Joachim Frederick (1598-1608) increased it to 22 chamber musicians and 12 chapel boys. It was under the direction of Nicolaus Zangius, a composer famous in his time. Also Joachim Frederick's successor, Johann Sigismund (till 1619) supported it at a yearly cost of 5716 florins; in 1616 he engaged also two Italian singers with a salary of 360 thalers each. The distress brought upon the Mark of Brandenburg by the Thirty years War led the Elector George William (1619-1640) to curtail his outlay as much as possible, and soon after entering upon the government he dismissed his *Capelle*. It was first re-instituted by the Elector Frederick William (1640-88), who at the same time enlarged its sphere of action by ordaining that his chamber musicians and chapel boys should participate in the service at the Nicolai, the Marien and the Petri churches. The male voices were supplied by the highly celebrated composer Crüger, then *Cantor* at the Nicolai church.

Music was particularly cherished at the court of his splendor-loving successor, Frederick III., who in 1701 was crowned King Frederick I. His wife, Sophia Charlotte, was passionately fond of music; she not only sang excellently, but she had great facility at the clavichord, and she composed. At special festivities foreign virtuosos were attracted to the court. Handel, even, while a boy, had plucked his first laurels here.

Frederick's son and follower on the throne had a sense for Art only so far as it served his exclusive love for military matters. Hence he soon dissolved the *Capelle*, and gave all the greater care to the hautboys corps of his royal regiment. With the military orphan house, which he founded in Potsdam in 1722, he connected a school for the training of military musicians.

Frederick the Great, on the contrary, who ascended the throne in 1740, earned imperishable

credit for his furtherance of the musical life in Berlin. He was confessedly not only a music-lover, but a fine connoisseur, and he practised the art in many ways. His favorite instrument was the flute, which he played like a virtuoso; he composed, too, not without inventiveness and skill. Already as crown prince he supported a *Capelle* in Rheinsberg. He had sent for the famous flute-player Quantz as early as 1727, but he did not enter his service until 1741. Philip Emanuel Bach, too, was already called to Rheinsberg; but he first became court composer in 1740 in the king's *capelle*,—in which position he remained till 1767.

The example of the king was followed by other princely persons; thus in the years 1750-60 the Margraves Henry and Charles maintained their own private *Capellen*; so too the crown prince, afterwards king Fred. William II. Kirnberger and J. A. P. Schutz officiated here as directors. Especial mention should be made too of the Princess Amalia, who studied musical theory with great diligence under Kirnberger's direction. The chief event, by which the collective musical life in Berlin gained a central point, was the foundation of the Royal Opera. On the 5th Sept. 1741 the corner stone of the Opera House was laid; in December 1742 it was opened with the opera *Cleopatra* by Graun, and the Berlin Opera soon rose to an important height. It at once gave an impulse to the establishment of societies for other kinds of music. Thus the chamber-musician Janitsch founded the so-called "*Academie*," the chamber-musician Schale, the "*Assemblee*;" in both of these instrumental music was principally cultivated. Vocal music was practiced in the Saturday concerts of chamber-musician Agricola. Still greater importance was gained by the "*Music-practicing Society*" (founded in 1749 by chamber-musician Sack), which among other things arranged a performance of Graun's *Tod Jesu* in the cathedral.

But none of these societies was able to survive. A greater consequence was rapidly acquired by the "*Dilettanten-verein*," founded by Carl Fasch in 1789; how the "*Singacademie*" developed out of this, will be seen hereafter.

Public concerts also came in vogue. In 1790 Benda and Bachmann founded the so-called "*Weekly Concert*" (from October to May); in 1776 Müller and Leuschke founded similar concerts in the *Englisches Haus*. In 1783 and 84 J. Fr. Reichard established six subscription concerts, in which Oratorios also were produced. Most of the foreign virtuosos also gave concerts in the English House.

Thus the musical life in Berlin gradually and steadily expanded, the more so as the following Prussian kings lent it their aid at least on certain sides. It is known that the great Frederick's successor, Frederick William II., tried to win over the greatest master of his time, Mozart. Under Frederick William III. (1797-1840) spectacular Opera, especially, was cultivated through Spontini. Within his reign too falls the

foundation of the "*Royal Institute for Church Music*" (1822) and of the "*Musical Section*" in the Royal Academy of Arts (1833).

A zealous furtherer of true and genuine Art, again, was Frederick William IV. (1840-61). The Berlin "*Dom-chor*" (cathedral choir), which has become world-famous, is to be regarded as his creation (1843); and in the preceding year the "*Symphony Concerts*" of the Royal *Capelle* (orchestra) were founded, and have always enjoyed the especial protection of the king. It is furthermore well known, that through him Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy received the impulse to some of his most important works.

Finally it must here be mentioned, that it was four Berlin artists who prepared that Spring of Song, which reached full bloom in Franz Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann, namely: Joh. Friedr. Reichardt (1752-1814), C. F. Zelter (1758-1832), Bernhard Klein (1793-1832), and Ludwig Berger (1777-1839).

## THE OPERA.

Dramatic representations with music were early provided for in Berlin, even before the building of the Royal Opera house. Over the *Reit-stall* in the royal stables, on the Breitenstrasse, a theatre was built, bearing the name "*Stallplatz*," in which, since the year 1700, ballets with song and music were frequently performed. The idea of building the Opera house first occurred to Frederick the Great in the beginning of his reign. Even in 1741, before its completion, the members of the opera engaged by Graun were assembled, and a provisional theatre arranged in the Schloss. On the 13th Dec. 1741 it was opened with Graun's *Rodelinde*. This opera, like all others up to the year 1806, was sung to Italian words; but the book contained a German translation with the Italian. The orchestra consisted of 12 violins, 4 violas, 4 violoncellos, 3 double basses, 4 flutes, 2 bassoons, 2 horns, 4 oboes, 1 theorbo, 1 harp and 2 pianos.

On the 7th Dec. 1742, at six in the evening, the new Opera House was opened with the opera "*Cæsar and Cleopatra*" by Graun. The singers were 3 women and 5 men, with the addition of 3 castrati. The chorus was seldom introduced in the Italian Opera; if it ever became necessary, they called in Gymnasiasts.

The Royal Opera house was built after a plan of the Baron von Knobelsdorf, and this plan has been essentially retained in the new building after the fire of 1843. It is a three-story edifice, standing free on all sides, 300 Rhenish feet long and 106 wide. On the outside of the front façade, on each side, a stairway leads up to a portico of six free fluted Corinthian columns. On the gable stand the statues of Apollo, Melpomene and Thalia; in the pediment an offering to Apollo is represented in half relief; the whole bears the inscription: *Fridericus Rex Apolloni et Musis*. Inside the portico four bas-reliefs are set up on the wall, representing the history of Apollo. The other sides are correspondingly adorned with Corinthian columns and with statues. The rear

façade has the inscription *Fridericus Guilielmus IV. Theatrum incendio consumtum restituit 1844*. The Opera house was destined only for the Italian operas during the Carnival. Admission was gratuitous. Only since the year 1801 were there given at first two, and then four performances with an entrance fee for the benefit of the poor. Behind the orchestra was a semi-circle of sofas for the king and those nearest to his person. In the first row was the royal box; the other boxes were for the nobility; the boxes of the parterre and the second and third row were occupied by the home and foreign ministers, the counsellors of the state colleges, persons belonging to the court and ladies of the burgher rank. In the parterre sat officers, soldiers detached on duty and respectably dressed citizens. The performance as a rule began at 6 o'clock in the evening; as soon as the Court appeared, the Baron von Knobelsdorf gave the signal to commence. Under the favor of the great king and with Graun's careful direction the Italian Opera of Berlin soon rose to great importance. The co-operation of such male singers as Salimbeni, Concialini, Tosconi, Tombolini, and the ladies Astrea, Farinella, Mara, Todi, made the operatic performances of Berlin at various times the most distinguished in Europe. For the Opera Buffa a theatre was erected at Potsdam. After the death of Graun Agricola became conductor of the Italian Opera, and carried it on at first with tact and with success; but the king's interest began gradually to cool; in 1770 he came very near leasing the whole Opera. After the death of Agricola (1774) Fasch, the founder of the Singacademie, undertook the directorship, only to turn it over in 1776 to John Fr. Reichardt, and, according to his judgment, in a pretty poor condition. It continued to grow worse and worse, especially after a dangerous rival appeared in the German Opera.

Berlin at that time was also visited by travelling dramatic troupes, and one of these, under the Director Schönmann, had as early as 1743 produced an Operetta in a German translation: "*Der lustige Schuster*" (The Jolly Shoemaker), but with such poor success that no new attempt was risked for a long time. It was not until Koch in 1771 acquired the privilege for a permanent stage, that the German Opera began to be fostered, Hiller, Wolff and Benda writing music for it. When Koch died (1775), Döbbelin undertook this theatre, and he managed so well that in 1786 his was declared to be the National Theatre, and the *Schauspielhaus*, built for French plays on the Gensd'armen Platz, was given over to him. In 1787 Döbbelin was pensioned off and Professors Ramler and Engel undertook the direction; and now, the musical farce and the operetta received such careful attention, that the Italian Opera was gradually crowded into the back ground. In 1790 the clever musical director Frischmuth was succeeded by Wessely, an excellent musician, under whose direction Mozart's *Belmonte und Constanze* was brought out in 1788; the *Marriage of Figaro* on the 14th Sept. 1790; and on the 20th Dec. *Don Juan*, in the National Theatre. In 1792, Aug. 3, *Così fan Tutte* also was produced there.

The German Opera in the National Theatre took an extraordinary rise when B. A. Weber assumed the direction in 1793. He was an excellent musician and an enthusiastic follower of Mozart and Gluck. His influence hastened

the dissolution of the Italian Opera. Neither Righini nor Himmel, who labored with and after Reichardt at the Italian Opera, were able to lend it new splendor. Finally when in 1793 Gluck's *Iphigenia* came upon the stage of the National Theatre in German, under Weber's direction, the Italian opera gradually lost all foothold; in 1805 it had become wholly inactive; and when misfortune came on Prussia in 1806, it went to pieces; the Royal Opera-house was used as a magazine for bread. On the king's return to Berlin (Dec. 23, 1809) Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis* was given in German in the Opera House.

In 1810 Iffland was appointed general director of the royal theatres. Both orchestras, that of the Opera House and that of the National Theatre, were united under the three Capellmeisters Righini, Himmel and A. B. Weber. From that time the operas and ballets and plays with music, like *Egmont*, *Faust*, *Tell* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were given in the Opera House; in the *Schauspielhaus* the spoken drama in all its kinds.

Two particularly remarkable days in the history of the Berlin opera are the 15th of May, 1821, and the 18th of June of the same year, on which the music to *Preziosa* and the *Freyschütz* of C. M. von Weber were given for the first time.

A special chapter in the history of the Berlin opera is formed by the time in which Spontini (1778-1751) acted as general director of music, 1820-1841. He has been violently assailed and also enthusiastically defended and praised, and both perhaps with reason. The manner in which he ignored all that lay outside of his own narrowly limited sphere deserves all blame, while the care which he bestowed upon grand spectacle opera claims recognition.

Along with Spontini worked F. R. L. Seidel, since 1822 Capellmeister, pensioned in 1830, and Henning, active as Capellmeister from 1836 until he was pensioned in 1848.

At present W. Taubert (born 1811) is first Capellmeister, having acted as musical director at the Royal Opera since 1842. With him, H. Dorn (born in 1804) has worked since 1849 in the place of Otto Nicolai, who belonged to the Berlin Opera only two years (1847-9). Since 1862 Robert Radecke also has been engaged as music director at the Royal Opera. Meyerbeer, who was appointed General Music Director in 1842, has seldom acted as such.

(To be continued.)

#### Reminiscences of Carl Maria von Weber.\*

There was no room in the "kleines Rauchhaus;" not so much as the smallest chamber. The landlady, who looked upon me with a favorable eye, because, two years previously, I had honorably and punctually settled for a friend in Breslau a score of twenty-four thalers, which he had run up at her establishment, was exceedingly sorry to turn me from her door, and so, desiring to keep me as near as possible, sent me to the Golden Hart, directly opposite. This hostelry, too, was thronged with students—for, in the year 1822, a pleasure trip to Dresden was deemed indispensable by every member of a German University during his autumn vacation. Whoever could manage to scrape together a little "tin," made a pilgrimage to the Florence of the Elbe, and whoever could not was even more likely to go than those who could, because he was sure of meeting with acquaintances from whom he would

\* From Carl von Heltzel's *Charpie*. Trans. from Lond. Mus. World.

get something. If a student found no acquaintances, or found they had not any more than himself, he and they united to victimize some stranger. I was one of the individuals on whom this honor was conferred by the inmates of the Golden Hart. I did not care for a handful of money more or less. Was not I secretary and poet of the Royal National Theatre, Breslau, with a fixed annual salary of three hundred thalers, not to mention subordinate sources of income, and what I made by literary work! Had I not been despatched by my respected management to engage artists, and had I not so much allowed me a day for expenses? Was I not, moreover, making the business arrangements for a literary periodical, the first number of which, under the title of *Deutsche Blätter*, etc., was to appear on the 1st January, 1823? I was a man of importance. It struck me as a remarkable piece of condescension on my part that I should be contented with a third-class inn, when hotels of a very different sort were open to me. At first the students took confoundedly little notice of me; my titles did not appear to impress them. But, after we had drunk together, and they had found out I was a good sort of fellow, they became more friendly. We proceeded arm in arm to the theatre, but it was only with great difficulty we could force our way into the pit. *Der Freischütz* was to be performed, and the composer to conduct for the first time after his return from leave of absence. All eyes were directed to where he was to appear. Like every one else, I, too, was exceedingly anxious to see the master whose vigorous martial songs I had, when a rifle volunteer, sung so often with my comrades on the march. A few of the students from the "kleines Rauchhaus" who had already seen him, described him as being lame. One of them even knew several of his cousins, and assured us that every individual among them was also lame, and, at the same time, a musical conductor; both the lameness and the conductorship being points in the family likeness. While we were waiting and gazing impatiently before us, there was a movement behind, and, ere we could look round, we perceived a tall and magnificent laurel in a splendid case wreathed with garlands of flowers. Borne aloft by countless hands that rose up from the crowd, the significant gift moves onward towards the orchestra. So active and clever were all those who stood or sat on its road, that it reached the conductor's seat at the very moment that Carl Maria von Weber made his appearance.

People become in time old, dull, and indifferent. I have become so myself. But, even at the present day, the recollection of that hour is still present to my mind in all the freshness of youth, and, as I write down these lines, the first sounds of the overture penetrate to my heart as though through the cheers of the audience, and a delicious shudder of sweet melancholy runs through me. Good Heavens, how we shouted! I and my students from the Golden Hart, and the others from the "kleines Rauchhaus," and the rest, how we shouted, one and all: "Hurrah, Weber! Hurrah Weber!"

It was in the gentle autumnal sunshine that I met on the Dresden Terrace a fair and popular singer with her husband. I had made their acquaintance some months previously in Silesia, and they were now staying for a short time in Dresden, on their return from a long professional tour. We immediately arranged to meet that same night at Chiapone's Cellar; we agreed to go there after the play to have macaroni and oysters. As soon as this weighty business was arranged, we walked on chatting with each other. I described the recent enthusiasm in the theatre, Weber's reception, and my own delight. My fair companion heard all I had to say, but made no observation. In the evening, as I was waiting beneath the cosy arched roof which had looked down upon so many merry artistic meetings that it had obtained a classical reputation—as I was discussing with friend Chiapone the details of the little banquet, and standing in readiness to receive my guests—the door opened, and the Master hobbled in, arm in arm with the love-

ly creature who had made so glorious a creation of his Agatha, and was so fond of appearing in the part. "I have invited myself," he said, "I, also, belong, so to speak, to the gang."

That was indeed a night! Thirty-one years have since elapsed, but, if I could only spend it over again, I should be, I believe, again young. There were six or seven of us. Ludwig Robert, with his Juno-like wife, was also in Dresden. I should be telling the most atrocious falsehood were I to assert that the conversation was long maintained at the pitch which learned, intellectual, moral, and wise persons set up as the acme of well-bred social dignity. This was not Weber's kind of conversation. He could be serious enough, if necessary, but at the proper season for giving way to mirth, for joking merrily and without restraint, he abandoned himself fully to the impulse of the moment; he became childlike, and his pleasing example exercised a magic effect upon any one with a grain of humor in his composition who happened to sit near him. Of the humorous nonsense he could speak himself, and make his neighbors speak, fine, shoulder-shrugging orators, phrase-makers, and liquorice-tongued talkers, have not the slightest notion; and it is quite correct that they should not have.

Weber was one of those few musicians with whom scientific education, varied aspirations, and preponderating intelligence do not injure the creative flow of original melody, or impose any learned restraint upon natural talent. He was one of those rare beings who, in the intercourse of friendship, in the mutual interchange of opinions and views, in no way show off their intellectual superiority, but, with amiable good humor and gentleness, take care that every one near them shall have an opportunity of exhibiting his own little light. Suggestive, attentive, and entertaining, Weber guided his opponent, if any dispute arose in the course of the conversation, to a point whence a menacing dispute could be led easily and aptly into the sphere of jocularly, and, through the latter, to a peaceful conclusion. There was but one subject which formed an exception. In one matter alone was the great man little; the name of one person only was able to make him forget the noble bearing which otherwise always distinguished him. The subject was Italian opera, and the name, Rossini. When these were mentioned, Weber, whose glance was so penetrating, whose vision was so good, became blind, and would insist upon remaining so. He purposely closed his ears to beauties which could not in the long run have escaped his notice, had he not obstinately and defiantly been on the watch for defects alone—of which, by the way, there were plenty. But this was perfectly human and perfectly intelligible. His position as conductor of German Opera in the Dresden of that day renders everything clear. The Italian Opera, with its chief, Morlacchi, was petted up by the Court. The Italian Opera was the cause of Weber's having to suffer patiently many a slight, which he felt the more acutely the sharper the contrast which it offered to the respect with which people all over the world had begun to greet his name, since *Der Freischütz* and *Preciosa* had spread his fame from every stage. The senseless Rossini mania, moreover, devoid of judgment, and frequently in ecstasies with mere empty tinkling, was sometimes so outrageous that even I myself, as a layman, despite all my partiality for Rossini, felt angry at it. There was no necessity for a man to have studied counterpoint as Carl Maria had done, under the Abbé Vogler in Darmstadt, with Gottfried Weber and Meyerbeer, to be reduced to despair at hearing the roll of the drums from *La Gazza ladra* everlastingly applauded at the Garden Concerts of Linke's Baths, or at listening to the confounded triplets and other dance-figures, in which Benincasa, who was otherwise admirable, and Sassaroli (the bass) represented despair, when, on account of a silver spoon or so that had been stolen, the most noble-minded of all fair cooks was to be executed, instead of a roguish magpie. I am speaking of the year two-and-twenty. At the present day, the case is different, and in a Thirty Years' War of criticism against taste we have

been taught to perceive Rossini's talent even in his worst mistakes. But Weber would not have anything to do with him.

At this our first meeting, Weber was frequently placed in a quandary by his bitter hatred of Rossini and by his gallantry towards the fair vocalist who owed as much applause to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Tancredi*, and *Otello*, as to *Der Freischütz*, and who, consequently, did not appear inclined to agree unconditionally with Weber's half playful, half savage sentences of condemnation. But not to conceal the truth, I must state my impression that *Il Barbiere* was one of the exceptions in Weber's *index librorum prohibitorum*, and found grace in his eyes, *quand même*.

Before we left Chiapone's Cellar, to go and take another turn in the mild starlight night, a reconciliation had been effected, and Weber affixed the seal to the treaty of peace by inviting us all to dine with him next day.

#### Dilettanteism in Music.\*

In no art is dilettanteism more hurtful, and, at the same time, more—indispensable than in music: more hurtful, because it everywhere penetrates deeply into the whole life of the art, to which it imparts a wrong tendency; more indispensable, because its active co-operation has become one of the most important facts in musical matters. Many causes have contributed to its over-extension: the capability of musical talent for development, a capability far greater than ought found in any other reproductive art; the social applicability of music, by which the latter has become a universal means of culture; and, lastly, the love for art itself, a feeling which we would not value lightly, though not more highly than the two grounds first adduced.

In a poem which gives us a splendid and imperishable picture of German domestic life at the end of the last century, in *Hermann und Dorothea*, there is a significant scene, most plainly showing how and why dilettanteism has taken the upper hand in music. The host of the Golden Lion, enraged at what he considers the boorish notions of his son, specifies the qualities necessary for his future daughter-in-law: he does not require that she shall be able to draw, or paint his portrait; he does not suppose she will be acquainted with the great authors of her native land, and able to read their works to him; no he says distinctly: "I must have her play the piano!" and he immediately gives his reason. "I want the best and most fashionable people of the town to meet in my house, as they do at my rich neighbor's, whose daughters sing so nicely." Music, in fact, is that art which may be turned to better advantage socially than any other; a man cannot sit down and paint or write something for the company, but he can always sing and play to them. The result is that a number of friends never assemble without such as are at all musical being immediately called upon to play or sing something, and this, strange to say, occurs most frequently where less enjoyment is derived from the music itself than anywhere else: in what is called fashionable society. In such society—except there exist certain feelings of consideration for the performer, considerations entirely independent of his performance—a song or a piano-forte-piece is, as a rule, the signal for general and loud conversation, instead of the isolated observations, spoken in a low tone, in which the company have previously indulged.

To this abuse, introduced by dilettanti, the professional musician is, unfortunately, compelled to submit, unless he enjoys so great a reputation that the company listen quietly to him in consequence, or unless favorable circumstances have rendered him perfectly independent of them—and even in this case he will be able to avoid them sooner than compel them to be attentive. If we reflect how inseparably social relations are mixed up now-a-days with the public position of an artist, especially if he be a virtuoso, we shall perceive how hard an ordeal must be undergone by a musician entertaining high ideas of art, what sacrifices he is obliged to make to

dilettanteism, unless he can resolve on practicing an amount of resignation at variance with artistic self esteem; can we suppose that such a man will give way to one beneath him, because the latter understands better how to satisfy the claims of society? He must do violence to his better feelings not to relinquish the contest—of the question of gain, and the miserable details connected therewith, we will not say a word.

If we now descend one step, or some two or three steps, out of the region of tea parties and coffee parties into that where beer is drunk, we come to the *Liedertafeln*. We trust our readers will dispense with our offering any observations upon this branch of dilettanteism; all that was to be said on the subject has been said—without any effect. The Dresden Sängerkreis with its deficit at least taught the members of *Liedertafeln* not to climb too high, and thus did more good than all the resthetical articles and artistic protests in the world; the criticism of figures is often the most disagreeable criticism.

It has been satisfactorily shown how dilettanteism degraded music into a mere source of amusement. We will point out, at some future period, the means for nullifying, to some extent, its injurious influence; at present, we will devote a few words to describing its better influence, and to showing how it has become indispensable to art.

That the dilettanteism of the Princes and Noblemen of South Germany in the last, and at the commencement of the present century was the principal support of instrumental music, is a well-known fact, but so far not affecting musical matters at the present day, as high-born dilettanti, who made sacrifices for art (and not merely for their own amusement) have now become myths. On the other hand, art has to thank dilettanteism for an increase, which is decidedly very large, of co-operative forces in executing works of more than ordinary magnitude. In most towns of Germany, it would be physically impossible ever to hear an oratorio, were it not for the existence of the *Gesangvereine* (Vocal Unions), the members of which devote themselves with zeal and love to this class of composition in preference to any other. Without such dilettanti associations we should be deprived of the enjoyment of listening to works which may be called the exclusive property of the German spirit of music. In France, Oratorio will never be at home, because Romanic nations generally will never listen to religious music out of their churches, and because it is repugnant to their nature to hear an action narrated, without seeing it represented. Handel's Oratorios, as well as even Bach's Passion-Music and Motets, which rest upon a strictly Protestant basis, may, at some future time, be produced in Paris, because everything is tried there—but in Paris they will never find a home. For the present, however, even a mere trial of them is out of the question, because there is no choral society which would undertake it. In England, Oratorio is greatly fostered, but more on religious than on musical grounds; there are a large number of families in easy circumstances who attend only sacred concerts, and the grand musical festivals, got up in various towns, owe their origin to ecclesiastical objects, and are not conceivable without a preponderance of church music. It must, also, be mentioned that Bach's Oratorios and Motets are not at all known, while Handel's *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and the "Psalm, 'As the hart,'" are looked on as the common property of all vocal dilettanti. Nor must we pass over in silence the fact that in England many persons not professional musicians charge for singing in the chorus, because the concerts are not got up by musical societies, but always by persons who undertake them as money speculations. It is only in Germany, therefore, that we can find that dilettanteism which is always ready to exert itself for art, and which as a whole does not shirk sacrifices; which appoints excellent musicians as directors; which pays numerous expenses; and even makes up deficits out of its private means. Though many motives in addition to those of an artistic nature may have to do with its efforts and undertakings, what the

\* From the Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.

musician has more especially to acknowledge is the thankworthy result. If it is now a very difficult task, even in the case of exceedingly celebrated musicians, to decide whether their everlasting concert-playing, their travelling to and fro in all directions, and their frequently repeating the same programme four times in one week, is the result of inward artistic impulse, or whether other motives do not predominate—why should we blame the dilettante for gratifying a little vanity, by taking part in an oratorio by Bach, without feeling any particular predilection for such profoundly serious music, but merely in order to pay homage to a prevalent current? It is highly necessary that professional musicians should correctly appreciate the advantages of dilettanteism, so that they may, with some prospect of success, combat its disadvantages. This is certainly very difficult, as we have already hinted, when taking a hasty survey of the matter. Musicians must, above all things, have a clear idea of their own position and of their own intentions, as well as of the path they ought to pursue; they will then, supposing they really strive after what is good and beautiful in their art, soon arrive at the conviction that in reality only the small circle of those who truly love music and those who understand it, combined with the great mass of the public, are the tribunals to which they must appeal for judgment, in other words, that the concessions we have already described as made to society conduce little to fame.

The road to fame, and especially to gain, is perhaps a much more difficult, or at any rate more wearisome one when it runs only through the first two classes just mentioned, and not through elegant society as well, though it leads perhaps with more certainty to a permanent goal. The musician must not despise dilettanteism, but endeavor to meet it where its judgment is not taken as the standard by which to go. With regard to the directors of the *Verein*, or Associations, their position, in an artistic light, is a far easier one than that of the virtuoso; in Associations the inclination for good music really predominates, and the members are mostly industrious and willing. It certainly is not easy to induce them to study new, that is to say, living composers, though Brahms, Bruch, and Kiel succeeded in overcoming their shyness, and owe a part of their reputation to the Associations of dilettanti who have executed with love and artistic zeal their choral works. The greatest difficulties the conductor has to surmount, are often of a social nature, and cannot, therefore, be taken into account here.

*Summa Summarum*: dilettanteism is very injurious, very injurious when artists do not clearly understand their own position: it is exceedingly useful when it subordinates itself of its own accord to artistic ends.

#### Crystal Palace Concerts, (London).

The temporary cessation of the Crystal Palace winter concerts, and the close of the first half of the series, invite a retrospect which neither we nor our readers are at all indisposed to make. Probably no musical enterprise whatever and, certainly, none having to do with orchestral works, so well repays attention as that over which Mr. Manns presides. The history of the Saturday Concerts has now come to be valuable not only for its individual but also for its representative character. In some sort it indicates the progress of the art in this country, and is tacitly accepted as a standard by which that progress can best be judged. So far, we may consider ourselves fortunate because no other country can boast such performances, or an audience of amateurs so unique in numbers and enthusiasm. But before reviewing the whole of the past, it may be as well to notice more particularly the closing concert of the year, which was thoroughly representative in the character of its programme and the interest it excited. The works selected for performance were the following:—

Overture, *Le Siège de Corinthe*. . . . . Rossini.  
Cavatina, "O come rapido" (Il Crociato)—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. . . . .  
Song with chorus, "Nazareth"—Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the Crystal Palace Choir. . . . . Gounod.  
Air, "O rest in the Lord" (Elijah) Miss Julia Elton. . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Air, "If with all your hearts" (Elijah)—Mr. W. H. Cummings. . . . . Mendelssohn.  
Hymn, "Hear my Prayer"—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and the Crystal Palace Choir. . . . . Mendelssohn.

The Choral Symphony—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the Crystal Palace Choir. . . . . Beethoven.

The chief interest of the concert was centred in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the most gigantic and most difficult of its kind. For the performance of this extraordinary work extraordinary preparations had been made. The band was specially augmented, the chorus thoroughly drilled, and the services of Madame Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas secured for the vocal solos. No work could have been presented under greater advantages, and none could better repay the time and attention spent upon it. It is not always, however, that adequate results follow elaborate preparations; and every one felt relieved from more or less of anxiety when the closing bars of the "Choral" marked the achievement of a genuine triumph. Every movement in the work was well done, the band most distinguishing themselves in the scherzo, playing it with infinite taste and delicacy; the chorus doing their portion, if not with refinement, at all events without giving cause for offence (this negative statement is positive praise in the case of the Ninth Symphony), and the principal vocalists discharging their honorable but ungrateful task with all necessary skill and judgment. The audience, who sat out the sixty-five minutes performance with most exemplary patience, were unanimous in praise of the work and its execution. We shall hardly be expected to enter into a description of the Symphony itself, because in the first place, it is well known, and, next, because the theme is so vast and suggestive that to do it the barest justice requires all our space. The work will ever stand alone and unapproachable—a thing in the shadow of which men feel the feebleness of speech. We cannot resist, however, making an extract from the book of words, which every admirer of the great musician will read with interest:—

"The original MS. of the Choral Symphony is in the Royal Library at Berlin. Like the original of most of Beethoven's works, it is a rough manuscript, with many a blot and many a smudge; not smooth or clean like those of Mozart, Schubert, or Mendelssohn. But it does not appear to contain any afterthought of importance such as those in the MS. of Schubert's Grand Symphony in C, mentioned in last programme. Neither the well known oboe passage in the trio, nor the chromatic bass at the end of the first movement—so wonderfully personal and characteristic of the composer—nor any other of the many individual points in the work, have been interpolated. Each appears in its place from the beginning. Here and there a date or a note of place or circumstance is scrawled on the margin, every one of which has its interest; and it is greatly to be wished that these could be inserted in an edition of the score for the advantage of those who love every trace of the great musician, and desire to connect his person with his works down to the minutest detail. One fact appears hitherto to have escaped notice—namely, that in the original MS. the trio is written, not in 4-4, as it stands in the printed scores, but in 2-4. This is hardly very material, but it is interesting and worth recording. In the MS. copy, carefully corrected by Beethoven himself, and containing the dedication to King Frederick William III., the time is altered and appears as printed."

Glancing now over the works performed at the fourteen concerts, of which that of Saturday was the last in order, we find a catalogue unequalled for interest and value. At the head of the record appear eleven symphonies, viz.: Beethoven's Nos. 4, 5, 8, and 9, Haydn's "Oxford," Mozart's in G minor, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" and "Reformation," Schubert's in B minor and C, and Schumann's in B flat. Following these come twenty-three overtures and orchestral pieces, of which six belong to Weber (their names need not be mentioned), one to Auber (*L'Enfant Prodigue*), one to Borge (Prometheus), two to Beethoven (*Coriolan* and *Leonora*, No. 3), one to Cherubini (*Amacreon*), one to Gade (*Hamlet*), two to Mendelssohn (*Meeresstille* and *Trumpet*), two to Mozart (*Le Nozze* and *Il Flauto Magico*), two to Rossini (*Semiramide* and *Le Siège de Corinthe*), one to Sullivan (*Marmion*), one to Gounod (*Entr'acte* from *La Colombe*), and two to Schubert (*Alfonso and Estrella* and the *Marche Militaire*). The concerto and instrumental solos, eight in number, come next, the most remarkable being Mendelssohn's No. 1, in G minor, his new *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for violin. Lastly of sonatas and other choral works, the list contains six, chief among which are *Acis and Galatea*, the *Walpurgis Night*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The soloists, vocal and instrumental, who have appeared in the course of the season are thirty-two in number, and comprise many of the most eminent in their respective departments, as well as some (it must in justice be said) whose pretensions to be heard at the Crystal Palace were by no means apparent. This record speaks for itself. The energy and sound judgment of the management, and, no less, the immense value to the art of the winter concerts, need no other exemplification.

But, satisfactory as is the retrospect, the prospect is even more. A simple enumeration of the works

promised during the remaining fourteen concerts will suffice by way of proof. The symphonies will be ten in number, and include Beethoven's Nos. 6, 7, and 9, Mozart's "Jupiter," Haydn's in B major (first time in England), Schubert's No. 4, "Symphonie Tragique" (first time in any country), Mendelssohn's "Reformation," Schumann's No. 2 in C, Spohr's "Consecration of Sound," and Sullivan's No. 1, in E minor. In addition to these works, the music to *A Summer Night's Dream* will be repeated, Handel's Cecilian Ode will be given at the opening of a new organ in the concert-room at the end of February, and last, not least, Schubert's *Rosamunde* music will be performed entire for the first time. Mr. J. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* is also announced, and the names of Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Schumann, and Herr Joachim appear among the engagements.

#### Extracts from "The Voice in Singing," by Mme. Emma Seiler.

APPLICATION OF THE NATURAL LAWS LYING AT THE FOUNDATION OF MUSICAL SOUNDS TO THE CULTURE OF THE VOICE IN SINGING.

The parts of the human voice that generate tones are the membranous vocal ligaments or chords, which are subject to the same natural laws as all sounding bodies; of this we may satisfy ourselves by observing the different registers of the voice by means of the laryngoscope. The lower, stronger tones of both series of the chest register show the ligaments in full vibration, and becoming more strongly stretched with every higher tone. In the second series the glottis appears, by the inaction of the arytenoid cartilages, to be shortened. In the falsetto register the vibrating body is diminished, as only the edges vibrate, while the same processes are repeated as in the chest register by the greater stretching of the ligaments and the shortening of the glottis. The head register, likewise, shows the glottis partly closed, and the vibrating ligaments gradually stretched more and more.

The vocal ligaments are made to vibrate by the air coming from the lungs through the trachea, to which they present resistance. These vibrations are communicated to the air in the mouth and outside, and are felt by the ear as sound.

As the strength of the tone depends upon the breadth of the waves of sound, they, in their turn, depend upon the structure of the organ of singing and of the parts of the mouth serving as a sounding-board or resonant apparatus and allowing of greater or less waves of sound. And although a fine timbre of the tones may cause the voice to appear fuller and stronger, yet it is not in our power, when once the vocal organs have been fully developed, to make a strong voice out of a weak one.

Always to strike the true pitch fully and clearly requires persevering attention, as well from the teacher as from the pupil. And long practice is often required before the intonations become as pure as is indispensably necessary to good singing.

But the most important thing in the culture of the voice is the timbre of the tones, for here it is in our power to form out of a sharp, hard and disagreeable voice, a voice sweet and pleasing.

We have seen that the timbre is dependent on the forms of the vibrating waves, and the different degrees of strength of the over-tones arising from these forms. It has been further shown that the simple round form of the waves of vibration produces the softest, fullest timbre. By this form the fundamental tone is the strongest, and the over-tones are heard ascending to the sixth with decreasing degrees of strength. Such a tone is natural to many voices. In most cases it must be more or less acquired.

A good tone in singing is formed,

1. By controlling and correctly dividing the air or breath as it is expired; and
2. By a correct direction of the vibrating column of air; this is done by a right disposition of the tones (*Tonansatz*).

#### THE CONTROL OF THE BREATH.

By a too great pressure of the breath, the form of the waves of sound most favorable to a good tone is disturbed. One then hears the high over-tones while the fundamental tone sounds weak or not at all. Thus the tone takes a shrill, sharp and disagreeable sound when the form of the vibrating waves is more or less disturbed by too great a pressure of air. Too little breath deprives the tone only of its strength, but not of its agreeable sound.

Thus every tone requires for its greatest possible perfection only a certain quantity of breath, which cannot be increased or diminished without injury to its strength in the one case, and its agreeable sound in the other.

In looking carefully through the histories of music,

and studying the old Italian schools, we find that it was upon this point—the control and right division of the breathing—that the old masters in the summer of song laid the greatest stress, and this it was to which in teaching they gave the most time and labor. The rules which they followed in this respect, in order to obtain a fine tone, accord perfectly with the results of the latest scientific investigations. And it would be far better for the art of singing if in this respect we had followed the old Italians more faithfully, and not have forsaken so entirely the right way.

According to the old Italian method, which must not be confounded with the modern, the pupil was required at first to breathe just as he was wont to breathe in speaking, and care was taken, by frequent resting-points in the exercises, that the breath should always be renewed at the right time. Accordingly, if the crowding, or pressure, of his breathing was too great, he was required to learn to hold it back. Until the organs were sufficiently practised in the formation of a good tone, and the ear had become familiarized to its sound, pupils were allowed to sing only *piano*. As soon as the pupil had a feeling for a pure tone awakened in him, and could of himself distinguish the finer variations of timbre, he was taught to fill his lungs more and more. But this was to be done, as much as possible, imperceptibly, noiselessly, slowly, and soon enough for him to be able properly to control the quiet breathing in the beginning of a song. Only the sides of the body were in so doing to expand, and breathing with raised chest was allowed only in exceptional cases, as where long passages were to be sung with special passion. For these places, where breath must be taken, there were certain rules which were strictly observed. These were:

1. Before the beginning of a phrase.
2. Before trills and passages (floriture).
3. After tied notes.
4. Before synopses, and especially accented notes.
5. Between two notes of the same pitch and the same value: in slow phrases.
6. After a short (*staccato*) note.
7. At all pauses and resting-points.
8. Before a note which, by being accented, was to be especially distinguished in the middle of musical passages.

In light, airy pieces of music, this last mode of taking breath had a charming effect, but was mostly left to the taste of the singer. The earlier singers, moreover, were very skilful in finding those places where, according to the character of the composition, an unusual taking of breath was of special effect. On the other hand, it was considered an advantage in a singer to take breath as rarely as possible, and, as we intimated in the introduction of this book, it was esteemed a great accomplishment to sing long with one inhalation.

After we have learned the natural laws which are applicable in music, and which lie at the basis of a full, rich tone in singing, and considered the careful way in which the old Italians taught the control of the breathing, we cannot but be struck with the rude and negligent manner of using the breath in our present mode of singing.

With some distinguished exceptions, it is now almost universally the practice to require the pupil, as the very first thing, to fill the lungs as full as possible, whereby the chest must be raised. Then the tones must be sung in as strong and long-sustained a manner as possible, in order "to bring out the voice," as the phrase is. He is next told to begin the tones with a full chest *piano*, and slowly swell them to the highest *forte*, and then descend as slowly, in order to learn "to govern the voice." Thus the pupil is always required to sing as strongly as possible, without any special regard to the timbre of the tones, because the timbre is regarded as a peculiarity of different voices, admitting of no change. According to what has been shown in the preceding pages, the present way of using the breath, by which it is supposed that voices are rendered strong and full, only needlessly fatigues the organs and injures the beauty of the tones. In the same way we find, especially in the case of tenor voices, that the aim is by greater forcing of the breath to extend the registers beyond their limits. Another fault is often taught: the pupil is required to force with the breath to the pitch those tones whose pitch is usually struck too low. No voice can ever endure such treatment, and, although the organs may be strong enough to remain sound while under instruction, yet the voice will not continue good, and cannot be of long duration.

We often hear, even in fresh and unsophisticated voices, a hoarse breathing accompanying the tones, as in the case of worn-out voices. This breathing arises when the air, which is exhaled and which rushes into the cavity of the mouth, is not all in vibration, and it escapes along with the vibrating

columns of air. It something happens, also, that in the too great pressure of the exhaled air against the glottis, the arytenoid cartilages, near their bases, leave a small opening through which the air escapes with a hoarse noise. By keeping back the breath in singing these faults may be corrected. Long-continued singing *piano* in exercises is, moreover, beneficial in the forming of the voice.\*

A simple expiration does not indeed suffice for the generation of a full, sounding singing tone. There is required a certain force by which the air is sent through the narrow and stretched glottis. But so great an expense of force as people are usually at is not necessary.

The influence of the same stream of air increases in proportion as the breadth of the vibrating ligaments decreases. The tones of the falsetto and head registers, therefore, require far less breath than those of the chest register. In wind instruments the tone can be forced upwards by a greater pressure of air; that is, by more powerful blowing, which appears to be practicable also in those instruments in whose peculiar timbre the highest inharmonic over-tones overpower the others.†

Together with the skill and unintermitted attention which this part of instruction in singing requires of the teacher, there are here yet other and peculiar difficulties which he has to meet. In opposition to the earlier and more correct view, it is no longer beauty of tone, but strength of tone, which is considered the chief excellence of a voice. Accustomed to seek the beauty of the voice in its strength, it is attempted, before the time of instruction begins, to sing as strongly as possible from a full chest with the greatest expulsion of breath. Thence it follows, in the superficial way in which the study of the art of singing is at present conducted, that nothing more is commonly required of a teacher than that he should be able to drill his pupil in some pieces of tolerably well conceived vocal music, which the latter must sing as soon as possible in company. A perfect culture of the voice is scarcely any longer expected of an artist. People with a very scanty musical education and voices very poorly trained are regarded as artists if they execute their parts with expression, and trick them out with those clap-traps which never fail to command the applause of the ordinary public.

A conscientious teacher has, therefore, universal opinion against him when he demands a longer time for the education of a voice, and requires of his pupils that they shall practice singing only *piano* as long as it is necessary.

\* The position of the body in singing must be such as in no way to interfere with the easy drawing of the breath. One sings most easily standing as erect as possible, quiet and unconstrained, the chest somewhat projected, the body slightly drawn in, and the hands folded.

† It was instruments of this class, in whose timbre the highest inharmonic over-tones overpower all the rest, that were painfully offensive to the exquisite musical organization of Mozart from his earliest childhood.

## Musical Correspondence.

### The French Opera in New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, FEB. 18.—From all that one sees in the musical or other journals of this country, one would never suspect the existence of a permanent and well sustained Opera in this far away Southern metropolis; much less would one suppose that here, even in these depressing times, the "stock" Opera establishment is one that, in the judgment of any impartial but cultivated, nay, fastidious critic, would take the palm from any of the "Star" companies of the northern cities, about which so much noise is made. And yet I am convinced that this is the case, and that the opera-goers of New York and Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago might know that this is no mere provincial boasting, as they will doubtless take it to be, I wish they might only be here on any of the grand-opera nights and hear and judge for themselves. If they did not come away feeling that, amid all the financial, civil, social distress of this city, amid all the breaking up and general dilapidation and positive ruin of its grand career of wealth and prosperity in times past, there is still left to New Orleans a native treasure which no other city in the Union can boast, then I am no judge.

"Art is long!" I never felt the force of this adage as I did last night, while I sat at the French Opera witnessing the production of "*Le Prophète*."

Here in the midst of a city groaning under a financial and political depression never felt before, where care, and anxiety, and dreary forebodings cast their gloom over the out-door world—here is this temple of musical art, beautiful to the eye, and ever ready to lift the mind up to the fair, fresh and peaceful world of poesy and harmony. And here the people come; come as of old; come because they love Art, and look to it in times of outward depression as a sure and blessed means of relief and refreshment. It is not as a new sensation, or as the fashion of the hour, that the public, that is, the old musical public of New Orleans, now patronize their Opera. It is their old friend, their friend of palm, bright days gone by, their friend now. It is their love for Art that makes their opera live in these days, when everything else is going over the board. Not that the season is a prosperous one financially; not that the house is nightly crowded; but that the demand for a high-toned, well sustained Opera is one of the popular demands here, and consequently, while there is money left the people will give it, rather than have their cherished institution go down. And what is the result? We have here for the whole season, which means here what it means in Europe, a season of months, not as in the northern handbills a "season" of "four" nights or "two weeks," a beautiful, well appointed Opera house, where a succession of operas of the highest order are brought out by a stock company, the Grand-opera nights alternating with those devoted to lighter Opera, Bouffe and the like, or to the French Drama.

It is amusing to witness the sensation produced now-a-days, in New York, by that French Theatre establishment, with its *Bouffe* Operetta and its strolling dramatic company, improvised by Bateman to astonish the American world. It would seem as if a new era in high art were inaugurated within those aristocratic walls. But here in New Orleans Offenbach is no new comer. "*La Belle Helene*," the "*Grande Duchesse*" and the "*Orpheus*" come in in their turn on the off-nights, and are, I have no doubt, quite as brilliantly produced as at the French Theatre, or certainly might be so as far as the musical ability of the troop here is concerned, if the leading singers stoop to such roles. But with a public accustomed to listen for seasons to the creations of Adam, whose "*Si j'étais Roi*" is running at present; of Meyerbeer, whose *Huguenots* and *Prophet* have had frequent repetitions this winter; and others of this type, it is not strange that Offenbach is not so overpowering in his splendor here, as he seems to have proved to the New Yorkers.

The stock company of this establishment is certainly not a common one. It approaches more nearly the perfection of the royal establishments of the Continent than any other in America. The two tenors, DAMIANI and PICOT, have voices of great sweetness, richness and compass,—the latter of great power, and they sing with true artistic finish, and a nice appreciation of their role. They are intelligent and highly cultivated artists, and as such can interpret the works of a master. The baritone, LE CHEVALIER, besides possessing a beautiful figure and elegant bearing, has a very rich, round voice, and is graceful and eloquent in every gesture and motion. The soprano, Mlle. LAMBELE and Mme. PREVOST-SEGUIN, have sweet and pure voices, the former rather inclined to shrillness on the high notes, both capable of facile and nice execution, and sing truly and conscientiously. Mlle. Lambelé, however, is in danger of being spoiled, as interpreter of great rôles, by her personal attractions, which seek the lighter and more popular roles for their display. She should never descend to the *Bouffe* if she aspires to be great in "*Margaret*." She sang this part sweetly and with many charming graces, in the recent performances of "*Faust*;" but a certain, although very slight trace of carelessness and haste in singing the ballad "*Il faut*

*un Roi du Thule*," revealed too plainly that she had not begun to enter into the true artistic significance of that wonderful *morceau*. The bassi are good, if not superior. VAN HUFFLEN is powerful but a little harsh; DECHE, a very fair singer, and an admirable figure on the stage. Altogether, therefore, the combination is far above the ordinary, even though the company may not be possessed of one "Star" so-called. But being all true, careful, artistic performers, the merits of the company are such as we may look in vain for among the strolling troupes at the North, whose whole dependence is on one or two celebrities, and these often but indifferent artists at the best, however great their vocal attainments may be. As for those of the Brignoli and LaGrange order, they would stand a poor chance on the boards of the French Opera in New Orleans. But I have spoken as if there were no "star" here. Well, if I do not apply that epithet to Mme. AUDIBERT, who sang Fides in the *Prophete* last night, then it is because I cannot associate anything of that clap-trap phraseology with an artist so great and admirable as this lady. She is to be ranked, at least in such a rendering as hers of Meyerbeer's *Fides*, with Jachmann-Wagner of Berlin, and Viardot of Paris. She sings not like a pretty girl to admiring men, but like a woman inspired with the grand idea of the poet and the composer. The role of Fides is worthy of her; the tenderness, the depth, the majesty of the maternal instincts, found their fit expression in her noble singing and acting. Viardot sang this role, it will be remembered, at the first production of the *Prophete* at the Imperial Opera in Paris. Mme. Audibert has succeeded her in it on the same boards, and the mantle of such prestige falls worthily on her. To hear such a rendering in America, is surely a rare and memorable pleasure, and let it be known, to the good name of New Orleans, that Art has here so gloriously survived the wrecks of other more transient and perishable possessions. I do not wonder that the people here listen with critical ear and applaud, when they do applaud, with a will; that they greet Mme. Audibert with a roar of welcoming when she first comes on the stage, and that she acknowledges their greeting with a sincere smile of gratitude and pleasure. It is the good, the true relation between the artist and the public; the old friendly feeling of mutual respect, esteem, affection. It reminds me of the reception of Frau Köster on the royal stage in Berlin when she comes from her retirement once or twice a winter to sing "Fidelio." There is nothing of the ephemeral, "starring," sensational *furor* about this, but something that tells plainly of a musical culture and musical patronage of more than a day, and of something in the "public" even in these bitter hard times, which is not "ungrateful," nor insensible to the finest and noblest emotions.

Finally, I must say a word about the accessories. The orchestra numbers about forty musicians, under the able lead of M. CALABRESI. They play with great precision, and, like everything else about the establishment, seem "used to it." The house is not unlike the Imperial Opera in Paris in general design, although of course resembling it only in miniature. The parquette is surrounded with private close boxes furnished with wicket screens. The balcony has two rows of open boxes and behind these a complete row of closed or partitioned boxes. Thus the whole interior has a thoroughly foreign air; especially as the gentlemen, without exception, come well-dressed, and those in the open balcony in evening dress; the ladies wearing no hats and appearing in the most brilliant evening toilette. Here we have, too, the cool and roomy *foyer* for the *entr'acte* promenade, the *buffet* in the basement, the bell to ring the people in, the three raps on the curtain as the signal for commencing, so familiar to all European theatre-goers. In a word, if you at the north, wearied with the miserable fragmentary patchwork of Opera which you

are put off with, wish to enjoy a few nights of an old fashioned standard *Opera Season*, then come to New Orleans and pay your two dollars a seat, and find yourself at 7½ o'clock in your place at the French Opera House. We can promise you no very grand spectacle, no very costly costuming and decorations; we are too poor for such things now-a-days; but we will insure you a well-bred, musical audience to sit among, an efficient and well trained orchestra, and a rendering of the masters in operatic art, which will inspire you with a determination to do what you can toward the establishment of as genuine an Opera at home.

VIATOR.

NEW YORK, FEB. 17.—Theo. Thomas's 4th Symphony Soirée occurred on Saturday evening at Steinway Hall. This was the programme:

Overture, "Coriolanus".....Beethoven.  
Violin Concerto, G major, No. 11.....Spohr.  
Ballade, op. 15, "Minstrel's Curse".....Von Bülow.  
Symphony, C major, No. 2, op. 61.....Schumann.

This array of pieces is perhaps somewhat less attractive than that which was performed at the last Soirée; less attractive, that is to say, as a whole; the Symphony would of course lift any programme above the level of uninterestingness.

Carl Rosa played the Spohr Concerto. Mme. Rosa had been originally advertised in Mr. Thomas's prospectus, to appear on this occasion; her illness made it necessary to engage some other artist, hence Herr Rosa.

Von Bülow's "Minstrel's Curse" was a most agreeable disappointment. It would be natural to expect, from one supposed to be thoroughly imbued with the Liszt spirit, a work containing many of those incomprehensible, undesirable and unmeaning twists and turns of the music of the latter author. Many of the inevitable evidences of the "future style" were of course there, but there was also melody and some really beautiful harmonic changes. A cello solo, which appeared not long after the opening phrase, was most charming. It would be pleasant to hear this composition again.

The crowning glory of Schumann's Symphonies was faithfully and carefully played. In the tender, serious Adagio there was a little indecision, and the invariable uncertainty of the violins upon the high D; otherwise there is but little fault to find. The headlong rush of the Scherzo, especially in the fierce climax which terminates the movement, was given with a unity of purpose deserving of much praise. Could anything be finer than the Finale with its strong, vigorous hold upon the soul? There may be a more glorious Symphony—I have yet to hear it.(!) The audience was a surprisingly large one, decidedly the best (pecuniarily) with which Mr. Thomas has been favored this season. It would really appear that people are beginning to appreciate Mr. T.'s untiring efforts to afford them an opportunity of hearing and enjoying the very best music at a very moderate price.

F.

FEB. 24.—The 4th Brooklyn Philharmonic Concert, given on Saturday evening, Feb. 22, offered an excellent programme. The soloists were Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mr. Richard Hoffman.

6th Symphony, F major, op. 67.....Beethoven.  
Aria, "Arnoldo" (Rinaldo?).....Handel.  
Miss Phillips.  
Concerto, P. F., D minor, No. 8.....Mozart.  
Mr. Hoffman.  
Entr'acte from "Medea".....Cherubini.  
Brindisi, "Galathée," (Miss Phillips).....Massé.  
P. F. solo, "Harmonious Blacksmith".....Handel.  
Tarantelle in A flat.....Heller.  
Mr. Hoffman.  
Fackeltanz.....Meyerbeer.

The charming Pastoral Symphony occupied, deservedly, the place of honor; of its performance there is little to say, except that the orchestra, numbering only some 45, seemed too small for the work. The placid, sunny Allegretto transported one from the cold, biting winter, to green fields, running brooks, and embowered shades. Usually, descriptive music,

so called, means nothing or worse than nothing; this Symphony is one of the very few noteworthy exceptions to the rule.

The "Medea" *entr'acte* was played better than any other orchestral number on the programme; the only drawback being the fact that the opening bars were inaudible on account of the rustling of drapery, and the coming in of persons who had been "refreshing" during the intermission.

Miss Phillips sang, need it be said, artistically and well, but the effects of fatigue were observable in her voice. She had sung in opera in the morning, and this with the journey to Brooklyn (a fearful undertaking, as I know by experience) combined to prevent her doing herself justice. Still she delighted us all, particularly in the Handel Aria, and was vigorously encored; she was also recalled after the trashy Brindisi by Massé. By-the-by, whoever wrote "Juanita," a ballad once very popular among sentimental youths, must have filched it bodily from the "Arnoldo" (?) Aria.

Mr. Hoffman gave us the Mozart Concerto (which he played at the first concert of the N. Y. Society) in his usual artistic and admirable style. To Mr. H.'s many warm admirers it is the cause of much regret that he so seldom plays in public; rarely does he favor us oftener than twice in each season. His second solo was charming; it is a hazardous thing to play the "Harmonious Blacksmith" to an American audience. I have heard Jaell play it to a rapt assembly of 3000 people; but that was in London and there is a vast difference between taste there and here.

In the quaint, fanciful Tarantelle, Mr. H. came nearer than most pianists to the true interpretation of it; those only who have had the great privilege of hearing the author play them can fully understand the subtle and often elusive beauties of Stephen Heller's compositions.

Notwithstanding the rigor of the weather, the Academy was filled to overflowing. This good attendance was either the result of "system" or true appreciation; probably a mixture of both.

F.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 29, 1868.

### Music in Boston.

SEVENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT.—The audience, Feb. 13, was larger than ever before, the programme fine, the orchestra up to its best mark in numbers and in general excellence of performance, and all were manifestly delighted.

Cherubini's genial and happy Overture to "Anacreon," played for the third time in these concerts, charmed more than ever, the rapid violin passages running with electric certainty and grace. It is not a great work, is somewhat formal and old-fashioned in its cut, nor are the ideas remarkable; but it is nevertheless a very genuine, artistic thing, and we find ourselves always enjoying it, though to some of our more experienced musicians it may be rather an old story.

It was good to hear Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony again, the first time for a long while, and with so good an orchestra. We have never heard all its descriptive movements so well rendered here,—with such precision, light and shade, warmth and freshness of coloring,—with the exception only of a stuttering and uncertain horn. The "Storm" was made unusually impressive; there was silence, during the *pianissimos*, that one might hear a pin drop.

Part Second began with the E-minor Concerto of Chopin, Mr. HUGO LEONHARD being the

pianist. It is very seldom that we hear this exquisite composition entire, and with the orchestral accompaniment. Chopin's treatment of the instruments, although he has not Mendelssohn's mastery in that, is almost as individual and as interesting as his writing for the piano-forte, which is the most original thing in its way since Beethoven's and Schubert's Sonatas. Both the composition and Mr. Leonhard's thoroughly poetic, clear and finely finished interpretation of it gave unqualified satisfaction. It is much the most difficult Concerto that has been played this winter, and of none have we witnessed a mastery more easy and more perfect. The long and arduous *Allegro*, bristling with difficulties (if they were not beauties); the pensive sweetness of the Romance (*Larghetto*), the brilliancy and piquancy of the *Rondo vivace*, each came fully home to crowds who could not help but listen most intently.

Weber's "Jubilee" Overture alone remained, and that was enough. Broad, richly instrumented, teeming with fascinating, lively melodies, all jubilant and swelling as if upon some proud occasion, and culminating in the English national anthem glorified amid all sorts of stirring, flowery accompaniment, it made indeed a stately finale to a concert rich in contrasts.

Of the Eighth and Last Concert (this week) we shall speak next time. The Committee of the Harvard Musical Association announce an EXTRA SYMPHONY CONCERT, for Thursday Afternoon, March 12, "in Compliment to their Conductor, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, and in aid of his design to visit Europe during the coming summer." There can be no doubt that the announcement will meet with a general and cordial response. Mr. Zerrahn has labored faithfully and well, during the three seasons of the Symphony Concerts, and to him we are all really indebted for the steadily increasing effectiveness of the Orchestra, which is now indeed a noble one.—The programme will rank among the best of the winter. It includes: of Beethoven, the ever welcome FIFTH SYMPHONY, and the great E-flat Concerto for Piano, which Mr. PERABO has kindly offered to repeat; of Schubert the *Fierabras* Overture, which cannot be heard too often; and, for a novelty, one of those "posthumous works" of Mendelssohn, the "Trumpet Overture." Tickets, with reserved seats, at One Dollar, may be had at the Music Hall.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS. The Orchestral Union had a good house again for their concert last week, and though one or two important instruments had been called away, a very enjoyable rendering was given of the following selections:

Overture to "Ruy Blas".....Mendelssohn.  
Waltz, "Telegramme" (first time).....Strauss.  
Concerto, for Piano, in G minor.....Mendelssohn.  
Miss Alice Dutton.  
Summer Night in Denmark, Galop.....Lumbye.  
Suite in E minor, op. 115.....Franz Lachner.

The Suite by Lachner did not gain much upon further acquaintance. Its formal, uninspired, as the Germans say, "kapellmeister style," becomes more palpable after the first novelty is worn off; it is as with some persons, who on a first introduction seem so fresh and promising, perhaps original, but who on the second or third meeting are grown commonplace already. There is grace and beauty in the Minuet and particularly the Intermezzo, but there is something pale, unreal, ghost-like even about these. We now feel that the ideas, the tone of feeling, as well as the forms, are of the past. But we sincerely thank the Orchestral Union for giving us a chance to know the work.

The Overture was changed, for we forget now what one. Miss ALICE DUTTON shows very decid-

ed progress as a pianist, and played the Mendelssohn Concerto in a very satisfactory manner, so that she was warmly recalled. Mr. LANG took Mr. ZERRAHN's place in conducting the orchestra while they accompanied his very interesting pupil.

The feature of this week's concert (last but one, we regret to say) was something new and lovely: the two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor by Schubert, the only one out of the nine he left, except the great one in C, that has yet been performed. And how different from that! Not cast at all in the same great mould; not the torso of a Herculean Symphony; not a great work; but a genuine, though slight effusion of a great genius. Both the *Allegro moderato* and the *Andante con moto* are of a sweet, sad, meditative, elegiac character, dreamy, solitary, whispered half aloud. It is as if we came upon the poet unawares and overheard him musing to himself unconscious of any audience. The *Andante* has this character most fully, and is the most beautiful of the two. But it is in the *Allegro* also, where the prevailing tone and background is reverie and sadness. The witching little theme that steals in (haunting us all afterwards) he seems to pursue in vain; for again and again is it suddenly, rudely broken off as in despair, and the music droops back again into the passive melancholy mood:—is it not a confession, of the music to itself, that the great creative energy is not to be awakened fully this time? But it was very interesting to hear and we hope we have not heard it for the last time.

The Overture which opened the Concert was Rossini's half brilliant, half old-fashioned, homespun one to the "Siege of Corinth." Weber's *Concertstück* for piano was played by Mr. CARL EISNER, who has a good deal of execution, but did not seem to us quite ripe for such an undertaking.

IN PROSPECT. A rich and various array of good things. First the Oratorios (one of which, however, is an Opera)!

This evening, the Handel and Haydn Society perform Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." Chorus very large; solo singers: Madame PAREPA-ROSA, fortunately recovered from her illness, Miss EDITH ABELL, Mr. GEO. SIMPSON, from New York, the Messrs. WINCH and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.—Tomorrow evening, Mendelssohn's "Elijah," with Mme. ROSA, Mme. ELIZA LUMLEY (Contralto from London), Miss JULIA HUSTON, Mr. SIMPSON and Mr. RUDOLPHSEN. On both occasions a large orchestra, Mr. LANG at the Great Organ, and CARL ZERRAHN Conductor. The competition between the lovers of the two styles of Oratorio (?) will doubtless crowd the Hall both evenings.

Tuesday evening, March 3. Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Third Chamber Concert, with a rare programme of three numbers: 1. Quartet by Mozart, No. 2, in D-minor; 2. The great B-flat Trio of Beethoven, with Miss ALICE DUTTON, Messrs. SCHULTZE and WULF FRIES for interpreters; 3. The *Otello* (for double quartet), op. 23, of Mendelssohn, last played so long ago that it will be a novelty—and a delightful one.

Wednesday, 4th. Eighth and last Afternoon Concert of Orchestral Union. Mr. GEO. W. SUMNER will play Mendelssohn's B-minor Capriccio with orchestra.

Thursday, 5th. Mr. EICHBERG's new Comic Operetta "The two Cadis" will be performed at Chickering Hall (half past seven in the evening) for the benefit of the women and children of the nobly struggling *Cretans*. A short concert will precede the operetta, consisting of eight-hand performances on two pianos by Messrs. DRESEL, LANG, LEONHARD and PARKER, and a Mozart Aria by Mr. G. L. OSGOOD. The operetta will be given with scenery and in costume, and will be nicely sung and acted by four very competent amateurs, of whom it is enough to say that Mr. BARABEE is one. The plot is very funny, and the music, light in a true sense,—worth a hundred "Duchesses,"—is the prettiest, cleverest, and most sparkling that Mr. Eichberg has yet written in this form. The tickets, with reserved seats, at \$2.00 may be had at the warerooms of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Thursday, March 12. Extra Symphony Concert (as above) in compliment to Mr. ZERRAHN.

March —? Mr. PECK's annual concert, with the first production here of the music of Mendelssohn's little Opera "The Son and Stranger" (*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*), must not be forgotten.

April 12, Easter Sunday. Mr. PAINE's Mass, now in vigorous rehearsal.

ORATORIO IN NEW YORK. The interest in Oratorio appears to be growing in the metropolis, where until within a very few years it has not amounted to much. Last week "over three thousand lovers of oratorio music, filling Steinway Hall to its utmost capacity" listened to the "most perfect interpretation of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* ever achieved on this side the Atlantic." It was done by the Harmonic Society, with the aid of Mme. ROSA, Miss Brainerd, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Thomas in the solos. The Society appears to have become inspired with a new life under its present leader, judging from the enthusiasm on the part of its members and the whole audience which accompanied the following "episode," as well as from the systematic abuse which we see heaped upon him by some Bohemians of the press. We copy from the *World*:

An episode occurred between the first and second parts of the Oratorio not down in the bills. Mr. Paulison, President of the Harmonic Society, came forward and announced that the Society had determined to avail itself of this opportunity to make their leader a present, which consisted of a gold medal. Mr. Ritter, the efficient leader of that body, was then brought forward, and Mr. Paulison said:

MR. RITTER: The pleasing duty has been assigned me of presenting to you, in behalf of the members of the New York Harmonic Society, this beautiful gold medal.

It is now four years since you were called upon to take charge of the musical interest of our society.

The first performance given by our organization under your leadership was that of the Oratorio *Judas Maccabæus*, and they have thought this evening's repetition of that performance a most fitting occasion to manifest their appreciation of the valuable services rendered by you, since you assumed the somewhat difficult task of developing the amateur musical materials composing our society into one grand harmonious chorus, capable of adequately interpreting the wonderful conceptions of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and the other great masters.

How well you have accomplished the part assigned you, this evening's performance will bear but a partial testimony.

Your fame as an artist it were safe to leave to the public appreciation, as the admirers of Oratorio music in the city of New York have enjoyed the privilege of hearing a larger number of performances under your direction, during the past four years, than had been given during the ten years preceding.

The thousands and hundreds of thousands who have enjoyed the grand harmonies emanating from the noble chorus under your charge, will bear cheerful testimony to the masterly discipline which has produced such gratifying results, and afford ample protection from the unjust attacks of mercenary critics.

The limited time allotted me will not permit me to express, in detail, the noble qualities of head and heart which have entitled you to hold so controlling a place in the esteem of the members of our society. Your amiability of temper has enabled you to deal patiently with the necessarily imperfect materials of an amateur organization.

Your genius for music has not only enabled you to grasp the heavenly conception of its greatest masters, and give them adequate interpretation, but also to produce conceptions of your own which have added materially to the stock of human happiness.

Take, then, this beautiful medal, and treasure it as a token of the grateful appreciation of its donors. And may I be permitted to join my wish with theirs that in your journey through life to the "starry throne of Him who ever rules alone," you may derive the agreeable consolation, as you gaze upon these inscriptions, that you hold a large place in the affectionate esteem of the members of the New York Harmonic Society.

Mr. Ritter, who seemed really much embarrassed, replied in a few words, thanking the society, and the oratorio then proceeded.

The medal is a chaste affair bearing an appropriate inscription, and it seemed to be the opinion of the audience that he eminently deserved it.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

(From the Orchestra, Feb. 1 and 8.)

The second series of the Crystal Palace Winter Concerts opened under very fair auspices on Saturday. The attendance numbered nearly six thousand, of whom only a fraction could obtain admission within the concert-room. The programme was arranged as follows:

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| Overture, "Marmelade".....                                  | Auber.        |
| Song, "With verdure clad" (Creston).....                    | Haydn.        |
| Aria, "Honor and Arms" (Samson).....                        | Haydn.        |
| Symphony, No. 7, in A.....                                  | Beethoven.    |
| Song, "Caro Nome" (Rigoletto).....                          | Verdi.        |
| Violin Solo, Fantasia on "La Favorita".....                 | A. Pollitzer. |
| Song, "In my Wild Mountain Valley" (Lily of Killarney)..... | Benedict.     |
| Song, "The Bell Ringer".....                                | Wallace.      |
| Song, "Ave Maria" (On Bach's first prelude).....            | Gounod.       |
| Overture, "Manfred".....                                    | Schumann.     |

From the above it will be seen that the feature of the performance was Beethoven's symphony, performed by the capital band in a manner which justified the reception with which its masterly harmonies met. Mr. Manns again made an appeal to his public on behalf of his favorite composer, with—we are compelled to add—indifferent success. Not all the zeal of conductor and earnest striving of executants could evoke in favor of Schumann any hearty expression from the audience. A cold, unsympathetic hearing was accorded to the "Manfred" overture, though there is little fear that even so chilling a reception will cool the ardor of Mr. Manns, or weaken his endeavors to impress on the multitude the merit of supersubtle Schumann.

The appearance of Mme. Schumann at the Monday Popular Concerts was welcomed by a warm and appreciative audience.

Certainly long and general applause greeted the first constituent of the following programme:—

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| Quartet in A minor, strings.....                               | Schumann.    |
| Songs, "Sun of the sleepless" and "I hear a bird calling"..... | Mendelssohn. |
| Sonata in A major, op. 101, pianoforte.....                    | Beethoven.   |
| Prelude, Allemande and Courant, violoncello.....               | Bach.        |
| Old English ditty, "The Oak and the Ash".....                  |              |
| Trio in C minor, piano, violin, and violoncello.....           | Mendelssohn. |

The careful execution of Messrs. Strauss, Ries, H. Blagrove, and Piatti did all that was possible with the "subtleties" of the quartet. But the artistic event of the night was Mme. Schumann's rendering of Beethoven's splendid sonata—an intellectual treatment of the highest character, and yet not coldly intellectual merely, but passionate also to the last degree. Here the applause was legitimate and furious. So, too, with Mendelssohn's trio, a triumphant interpretation of which was achieved by the pianist and Messrs. Strauss and Piatti.

The first of a series of four subscription concerts given by Mr. Joseph Barnby's choir was devoted to Mendelssohn. The first part comprised "Athalie," vocally allotted to Mme. Sherrington, Miss Spiller, and Miss Julia Elton as principals, supplemented by a full orchestra, and recited by Mr. Henry Marston, who undertook the curious "illustrative verses" of poor Bartholomew. The performance was highly creditable in all respects: the orchestra being exceptionally strong, and the choir showing especially well in the eight part chorus, "Lord, let us hear Thy voice," and the trio with chorus "Hearts feel." In the second part the "Reformation" symphony was rendered with real effect, the Allegro rousing the audience to enthusiasm. A March, written to commemorate the visit of the painter Cornelius to Dresden in 1841, is, without being pretensions, pleasing and melodious, particularly in a trio allotted to the strings; and the novelty of this production warmed the hearers to demand an encore. The concert concluded with the finale to "Lorelei," the solo sung by Mme. Sherrington. A large audience thronged St. James's Hall, and showed frequently repeated appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Barnby's well-trained choir.

We could find it in our hearts to be sorry for Mr. George Tolhurst, were not that gentleman protected by so strong a breast-plate of self-esteem as to render him literally invulnerable. A man who under the scourge of criticism compares his case to that of Beethoven and of Mozart, as did Mr. Tolhurst in the letter we published last week, is not likely to be

affected by the hardest things said of his music or any public disaster which can befall it. Otherwise we could feel for any man whose work experienced such a fate as happened to "Ruth," on its production last Wednesday at Store-street. Of the music of this oratorio we have already pronounced an opinion which nothing less than the complete *bouleversement* of every theory hitherto known can possibly induce us to alter. At the same time it is due to Mr. Tolhurst to admit that the grandest music ever conceived could not have borne up against such conducting as we witnessed on Wednesday. The conductor was utterly and fatally ignorant of his business. His stick was everywhere and nowhere; he got into endless complications with the orchestra; and an unlucky encore awarded to one of the vocal solos precipitated him back into the midst of some anterior and forgotten symphony, which came in with remarkable effect just as the vocalist had reached the third bar. Meanwhile the drums, regarding the whole performance as a practical joke, struck in with a joyous and prolonged rub-a-dub whenever they saw an opening. The principal singers—good artists, too: Miss Henderson, Mme. Sauerbrey, Messrs. Cummings, Lewis Thomas, and others—scarcely durst look at each other for fear of laughing outright; and the composer, hot, anxious, and excited, fidgeted about and wiped his face copiously. We fear throughout that awful performance even the fellowship of Beethoven and Mozart did not console the ill-fated man. Was it not rather that the shades of Mozart and Beethoven sent an Avenger in the person of the weird conductor who put the extinguisher on "Ruth?"

The last Crystal Palace concert was a very enjoyable one of its kind. Its chief feature was Mendelssohn's Funeral March, as may be seen by a moment's inspection of the subjoined programme:—

|  |                |
|--|----------------|
| Overture, "L'Impresario".....  | Mozart.        |
| Trio, "Farewell for but a while" ("St. Cecilia").....                        | Benedict.      |
| Part Song, "Sleep, Gentle Lady".....   | Bishop.        |
| Symphony, "The Power of Sound".....  | Spohr.         |
| Grand Aria, "O vago suol" ("Gli Ugionotti").....                             | Meyerbeer.     |
| Aria, with Chorus of Male Voices, "Possenti numi" ("Il Flauto Magico").....  | Mozart.        |
| Truer March.....   | Mendelssohn.   |
| Solo and Chorus, "Sleep on and dream" (2nd finale, "Paradise and Peri")..... | Schumann.      |
| Song, "Mary Dhu".....  | Lemmens.       |
| The Bugle Song, "Blow, bugle blow".....                                      | H. S. Oakeley. |
| Overture, "Leonora, No. 2".....  | Beethoven.     |

This pathetic and eloquent composition, a work resembling Tennyson's great commemorative poem, as nearly as grief expressed in music can resemble grief of words, was written on the death of Burgmüller, the young composer and common friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann. This was originally written for a wind band. There is much solemnity about it, but little gloom; rather in the trio is the impression conveyed of the sweetness of hope after death. This movement is particularly full of beauty.

The performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt" by the Sacred Harmonic Society, on Friday, had the drawback of Mr. Costa's absence; but M. Sainton did good service in his place. The principals were Mme. Sherrington, Mme. Dolby, Miss R. Henderson, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Lewis Thomas, and Sig. Foli. The attraction of the celebrated English tenor drew so crowded an audience that Exeter Hall could hardly contain the numbers. The chief points were taken with customary success. The Hailstone Chorus was naturally encored; the choruses "I will exalt Him," and "The Depths have covered them," went splendidly; and in "The enemy said," Mr. Reeves made his usual mark, and urged his usual refusal to repeat. Mr. Reeves is a steady opponent of encores. Everybody was in more or less good voice, and both principals and chorus did their work thoroughly, only one little slip—that of the organist, who got confused in "He rebuked the Red Sea"—being noticeable.

Again Mme. Schumann has been the chief attraction at the Monday Popular Concerts. This week her matchless talent was employed on the interpretation of the Sonata Appassionata. The sensation created by her realization of Beethoven's wealth of intention and resource was extraordinary. Again, in Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello Mme. Schumann, joined by Sig. Piatti, did excellent service, and brought down the plaudits of the delighted hearers. A fifth performance of Schubert's ottet was given at this concert, and the scherzo attracted a well-merited demand for repetition. The whole was admirably done. Miss Julia Elton was the vocalist, and acquitted herself well in the Savoyard song by Mendelssohn (encored) and the Tilleul by Schubert. The Saturday afternoon concerts continue their attractive character. At last Saturday's Mme. Schumann interpreted one of her husband's works and Mme. Sainton-Dolby, for once forsaking self-interest, restricted herself to Schumann and Mendelssohn, and earned praise.

## Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

### LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

|   |                    |    |
|---|--------------------|----|
| Herdsmen's Song.....  | Mendelssohn.       | 35 |
| The authors name insures good sentiment and fine music.                                       |                    |    |
| Come back to me. Song.....  | C. C. G. Collins.  | 30 |
| The friends we love. " & Cho. Alice Hawthorne.....  |                    | 35 |
| Oh, foolish heart. ".....   | Apthorp.           | 30 |
| Pretty songs, and well calculated to be popular.  |                    |    |
| Courtship and Marriage. Song.....   | Keller.            | 50 |
| Ten little Inguns.....  | Dixy.              | 35 |
| The Golden Wedding. Song.....   | Gilbert.           | 40 |
| O, I'm so fond of dancing. ".....   | Newcomb.           | 40 |
| Warning to Parents, or Lament of Peter Gray.....  | Wellman.           | 30 |
| Waiting for a Broadway Stage. Song. Newcomb.....  |                    | 35 |
| Also in popular style, with a large dash of the comic. Very saleable.                         |                    |    |
| Keep me from sinkin' down, S'g & Cho., Stockel.....   |                    | 30 |
| Quaint and pleasing "colored" religious song.   |                    |    |
| Ye power above. (Amours divin) Song.....  | "La Belle Helene." | 30 |
| The Judgment of Paris. (Le Jugement de Paris).....  |                    | 40 |
| When Helen, of all beauties fairest. (Invocation a Venus).....                                | "La Belle Helene." | 30 |
| For a coronal, fairest roses. (En couronnes) S'g.....   |                    | 30 |
| Fairest maid. (C'est un reve).....  |                    | 40 |
| We jolly priests. (Au Cabaret).....   |                    | 35 |
| Melodies from Offenbach's opera, which contains many pretty airs.                             |                    |    |
| It is a legend old. Song for guitar.....  | Hayden.            | 35 |
| Out in the cold.....  |                    | 30 |
| For guitarists, the first from the "Duchess," and the other containing Adams' beautiful poem. |                    |    |

#### Instrumental.

|  |               |    |
|--|---------------|----|
| Tell me darling. Var.....  | Ordway.       | 75 |
| One of the prettiest of melodies, well varied.   |               |    |
| Mouse trap Waltz.....  | Knight.       | 35 |
| Silver Bell Polka.....   | O. Harrison.  | 40 |
| Fire and Flame. Galop. Faust arr. by.....  | Knight.       | 40 |
| Salem Band March.....  | L. W. E.      | 30 |
| Wachovia. ".....   |               | 30 |
| Sprightly pieces, and not difficult.   |               |    |
| On the beautiful blue Danube. Waltz.....   | Strauss.      | 75 |
| Fanfare Polka.....   | Lysberg.      | 60 |
| Onward. Gr'd Military March.....   | Van Ockelen.  | 35 |
| Summer Night Dream. Nocturne.....  | Holmes.       | 60 |
| Arion Carneval March Polka.....  | Fradel.       | 60 |
| Love in Idleness. Waltz.....   | Engelbrecht.  | 35 |
| All are well worth playing, and, with the exception of the graceful nocturne, quite brilliant.   |               |    |
| Mabel Waltzes. 4 hds.....  | Russell.      | 35 |
| Gr'd Duchesse Polka. ".....  |               | 35 |
| Good for learners. Easy.   |               |    |
| A Cheval. (On horseback). Gr. galop de Concert.....  |               | 70 |
| Quite powerful and effective. Difficult.   |               |    |
| Grand Duchess Jewel Box. Coll. of Gems arranged by.....  | J. S. Knight. | 25 |
| Mr. K. has cosily arranged and packed into the compartments of his Jewel case, eleven melodies. In No. 1, Sabre song and 'Tis a famous Regiment; in No. 2, Dites lui, and Fritz's complaint; in No. 3, the Can-can and Bonne Nuit; in No. 4, The Letters; in No. 5, Prince Paul's song and Piff, paff, pouff; and in No. 6, Drinking song and Chorus of Courtiers. |               |    |
| Run for luck. Galop. Guitar.....   | Hayden.       | 25 |
| Try your luck upon it.   |               |    |

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

